

SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

Forgot His Sweetheart.
Doctor Brandes, the Danish man of letters, who recently visited this country, tells a curious story of himself, says the Chicago News. At the very moment he had appointed to keep a tryst with his sweetheart he was deep in Hegel.

"With a passionate desire to reach a comprehension of the truth, I grappled with the 'system,' began with the encyclopedia, read the three volumes of 'Aesthetics,' the 'Phenomenology of the Mind,' then the 'Philosophy of Law' again, and finally the logic, the natural philosophy and the philosophy of the mind in a veritable intoxication of comprehension and delight."

The lamentable sequel was that he forgot all about the young girl to whom he had to say good-by.

FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderine Right Now—Also Stops Itching Scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf.

There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. Adv.

Students Study Grading of Grain.
How the grain markets of the country handle and grade the farmers' products is being studied in a course which was started at the Ohio state university last year. The students taking the course are seniors in the department of agriculture.

The students are given lectures on market distribution and study the field crops of the world. In the laboratory they study the grading of grain, testing it as to weight, color, percentage of moisture, quality, soundness and kind. Samples of ear corn and grain are received from farmers in the Franklin county and from grain exchanges in the primary markets.

A GLASS OF SALTS WILL END KIDNEY-BACKACHE

Says Drugs Excite Kidneys and Recommend Only Salts, Particularly If Bladder Bothers You.

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salt which removes the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this, also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.—Adv.

There is nothing so mean and hateful as one woman who refuses to tell another woman a secret.

The Call of the Cumberland

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations From Photographs of Scenes in the Play

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SYNOPSIS.

On Mistry creek Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious. Jesse Purdy of the Holman clan has been shot and Samson is suspected of the crime. Samson denies it. The shooting breaks the truce in the Holman-South feud. Jim Holman hunts with bloodhounds the man who shot Purdy. The bloodhounds lose the trail at Spicer's South door. Lescott discovers artistic ability in Samson. While sketching with Lescott on the mountain, Tamarack discovers Samson to a feeling crowd of mountaineers. Samson thrashes him and denounces him as the "true-buster" who shot Purdy. At Willie McCager's dance Samson tells the South clan that he is going to leave the mountains. Lescott goes home to New York. Samson bids Spicer and Sally farewell and follows. In New York Samson studies art and learns much of city ways. Drennie Lescott persuades Wilfred Horton, her dilettante lover, to do a man's work in the world. Prompted by her love, Sally leaves her home. Horton throws himself into the business world and becomes well hated by predatory financiers and politicians. At a Bohemian resort Samson meets William Farish, sports social parasite, and Horton's enemy. Farish sees Samson and Drennie dining together unchaperoned at the Wigwam restaurant. He conspires with others to make Horton jealous and succeeds.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Samson did not appear at the Lescott house for two weeks after that. He had begun to think that, if his going there, gave embarrassment to the girl who had been kind to him, it were better to remain away.

"I don't belong here," he told himself, bitterly. "I reckon everybody that knows me in New York, except the Lescotts, is laughing at me behind my back."

He worked fiercely, and threw into his work such fire and energy that it came out again converted into boldness of stroke and an almost savage vigor of drawing. The instructor nodded his head over the easel, and passed on to the next student without having left the defacing mark of his relentless crayon. To the next pupil, he said:

"Watch the way that man South draws. He's not clever. He's elementally sincere, and if he goes on the first thing you know he will be a portrait painter. He won't merely draw eyes and lips and noses, but character and virtues and vices showing out through them."

And Samson met every gaze with smoldering savagery, searching for some one who might be laughing at him openly, or even covertly, instead of behind his back. The long-suffering fighting lust in him craved opportunity to break out and relieve the pressure on his soul. But no one laughed.

One afternoon late in November, a hint of blizzards swept snarling down the Atlantic seaboard from the polar furies, with wet flurries of snow and rain. Off on the marshes where the Kenmore club had its lodge, the live decoys stretched their clipped wings, and raised their green necks restively into the salt wind, and listened. With dawn, they had heard, faint and far away, the first notes of that wild chorus with which the skies would ring until the southerly migrations ended—the horizon-distant honking of high-flying water fowl.

Then it was that Farish dropped in with marching orders, and Samson, yearning to be away where there were open skies, packed George Lescott's borrowed paraphernalia, and prepared to leave that same night.

While he was packing, the telephone rang, and Samson heard Adrienne's voice at the other end of the wire.

"Where have you been hiding?" she demanded. "I'll have to send a truant officer after you."

"I've been very busy," said the man, "and I reckon, after all, you can't civilize a wolf. I'm afraid I've been wasting your time."

Possibly, the miserable tone of the voice told the girl more than the words.

"You are having a season with the blue devils," she announced. "You've been cooped up too much. This wind ought to bring the ducks, and—"

"I'm leaving tonight," Samson told her.

"It would have been very nice of you to have run up to say good-by," she reproved. "But I'll forgive you, if you call me up by long distance. You will get there early in the morning. Tomorrow, I'm going to Philadelphia over night. The next night, I shall be at the theater. Call me up after the theater, and tell me how you like it."

The launch dragged itself across a snag on the North Fork, but in pulling the scow over, a plank was ripped from the bottom and it sank.

The men on the Tango sprang on the scow and tore open the cages to free the animals, which leaped into the water and swam ashore. There they scattered in the woods and kept the showmen busy all day rounding them up.

The scow sank before the snakes could be liberated, and looked in the cages, the wriggling, writhing reptiles

It was the same old frankness and friendliness of voice, and the same old note like the music of a reed instrument. Samson felt so comforted and reassured that he laughed through the telephone.

"I've been keeping away from you," he volunteered, "because I've had a lapse into savagery, and haven't been fit to talk to you. When I get back, I'm coming up to explain. And, in the meantime, I'll telephone."

On the train Samson was surprised to discover that, after all, he had Mr. William Farish for a traveling companion. That gentleman explained that he had found an opportunity to play truant from business for a day or two, and wished to see Samson comfortably ensconced and introduced.

The first day Farish and Samson had the place to themselves, but the next morning would bring others.

The next day, while the mountaineer was out on the flats, the party of men at the club had been swelled to a total of six, for in pursuance of the carefully arranged plans of Mr. Farish, Mr. Bradburn had succeeded in inducing Wilfred Horton to run down for a day or two of the sport he loved. When Horton arrived that afternoon, he found his usually even temper ruffled by bits of maliciously broached gossip, until his resentment against Samson South had been fanned into danger heat. He did not know that South also was at the club, and he did not that afternoon go out to the blinds, but so far departed from his usual custom as to permit himself to sit for several hours in the club grill.

And yet, as is often the case in carefully designed affairs, the one element that made most powerfully for the success of Farish's scheme was pure accident. The carefully arranged meeting between the two men, the adroitly incited passions of each, would still have brought no clash, had not Wilfred Horton been affected by the flushing effect of alcohol. Since his college days, he had been invariably abstemious. Tonight marked an exception.

He was rather surprised at the cordiality of the welcome accorded him, for, as chance would have it, except for Samson South, whom he had not yet seen, all the other sportsmen were men closely allied to the political and financial elements upon which he had been making war. Still, since they seemed willing to forget for the time that there had been a breach, he was equally so. Just now, he was feeling such bitterness for the Kentuckian that the foes of a less personal sort seemed unimportant.

In point of fact, Wilfred Horton had spent a very bad day. The final straw had broken the back of his usually unflinching temper, when he had found in his room on reaching the Kenmore a copy of a certain New York weekly



"Don't You See That This Thing Is a Frame-Up?"

paper, and had read a page, which chance had been lying face up (a chance carefully prearranged). It was an item of which Farish had known, in advance of publication, but Wilfred would never have seen that sheet, had it not been so carefully brought to his attention. There were hints of the strange infatuation which a certain young woman seemed to entertain for a partially civilized stranger who had made his entree to New York via the police court, and who wore his hair long in imitation of a biblical character of the same name. The supper at the Wigwam inn was mentioned, and the character of the place intimated. Horton felt this objectionable innuendo was directly traceable to Adrienne's ill-judged friendship for the mountaineer, and he bitterly blamed the mountaineer. And, while he had been brooding on these matters, a man acting as Farish's ambassador had dropped into his room, since Farish himself knew

vent to their death. One big snake cost its owner \$500.

Bert Mansfield, who owns the dog and pony part of the show, remained on the scow with his pet dog Chester, despite the entreaties of his companions, until he barely escaped with his own life.

Another valuable animal still at large is the trick mule, High School Jack. There were six horses and 20 trained dogs. Several trained raccoons were lost—Mount Vernon (Wash.) Dispatch to Seattle Times.

Teaching Art to Children.

The Children's Hour held under the auspices of the department of fine arts, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, was inaugurated for the season of 1914-1915 a short time ago. J. Taylor, illustrator, member of the faculty of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, gave a chalk talk on illustrations of interest to children. He was assisted by Norman Kennedy and J. W. Thompson, both of Pittsburgh. Many interesting subjects have been selected for demonstration to the children during the year. There will be exhibitions of

that Horton would not listen to his confidences. The delegated spokesman warned Wilfred that Samson South had spoken pointedly of him, and advised cautious conduct, in a fashion calculated to inflame.

Samson, it was falsely alleged, had accused him of saying derogatory things in his absence, which he would hardly venture to repeat in his presence. In short, it was put to Horton to announce his opinion openly, or eat the crow of cowardice.

That evening, when Samson went to his room, Farish joined him.

"I've been greatly annoyed to find," he said, seating himself on Samson's bed, "that Horton arrived today."

"I reckon that's all right," said Samson. "He's a member, isn't he?"

Farish appeared dubious.

"I don't want to appear in the guise of a prophet of trouble," he said, "but you are my guest here, and I must warn you. Horton thinks of you as a 'gun-fighter' and a dangerous man. He won't take chances with you. If there is a clash, it will be serious. He doesn't often drink, but today he's doing it, and may be ugly. Avoid an altercation if you can, but if it comes—"

He broke off and added seriously: "You will have to get him, or he will get you. Are you armed?"

The Kentuckian laughed.

"I reckon I don't need to be armed amongst gentlemen."

Farish drew from his pocket a magazine pistol.

"It won't hurt you to slip that into your clothes," he insisted.

For an instant, the mountaineer stood looking at his host and with eyes that bored deep, but whatever was in his mind as he made that scrutiny he kept to himself. At last he took the magazine pistol, turned it over in his hand, and put it into his pocket.

"Mr. Farish," he said, "I've been in places before now where men were drinking who had made threats against me. I think you are excited about this thing. If anything starts, he will start it."

At the dinner table, Samson South and Wilfred Horton were introduced, and acknowledged their introductions with the briefest and most formal nods. During the course of the meal, though seated side by side, each figured the presence of the other. Samson was perhaps no more silent than usual. Always, he was the listener except when a question was put to him direct, but the silence which sat upon Wilfred Horton was a departure from his ordinary custom.

He had discovered in his college days that liquor, instead of exhilarating him, was an influence under which he grew morose and sullen, and that discovery had made him almost a total abstainer. Tonight, his glass was constantly filled and emptied, and, as he ate, he gazed ahead, and thought resentfully of the man at his side.

When the coffee had been brought, and the cigars lighted, and the dead-end monotony of each syllable was portentously distinct and clear clipped.

"Maybe you know why I don't kill you. . . . Maybe you don't. . . . I don't give a damn whether you do or not. . . . That's the first blow I've ever passed. . . . I ain't going to hit back. . . . You need a friend pretty bad just now. . . . For certain reasons, I'm going to be that friend. . . . Don't you see that this thing is a damned frame-up? . . . Don't you see that I was brought here to murder you?"

He leaned suddenly to Farish.

"Why did you insist on my putting that in my pocket?"—Samson took out the pistol, and threw it down on the table-cloth in front of Wilfred, where it struck and shivered a half-filled wine-glass—"and why did you warn me that this man meant to kill me? I was meant to be your catspaw to put Wilfred Horton out of your way. I may be a barbarian and a savage, but I can smell a rat—if it's dead enough."

For an instant there was absolute and hushed calm. Wilfred Horton picked up the discarded weapon and looked at it in bewildered stupefaction, then slowly his face flamed with distressing mortification.

"Any time you want to fight me"—Samson had turned again to face him, and was still talking in his deadly quiet voice—"except tonight, you can find me. I've never been hit before without hitting back. That blow has got to be paid for—but the man that's really responsible has got to pay first. When I fight you, I'll fight for myself, not for a bunch of damned murderers."

Just now, I've got other business. That man framed this up!" He pointed a lean finger across the table into the startled countenance of Mr. Farish.

"He knew! He has been working on this job for a month. I'm going to attend to his case now."

As Samson started toward Farish, the conspirator rose, and with an excellent counterfeit of insulted virtue, pushed back his chair.

"By God," he indignantly exclaimed, "you mustn't try to embroil me in your quarrels. You must apologize. You are talking wildly, South."

"Am I?" questioned the Kentuckian, quietly. "I'm going to act wildly in a minute."

He halted a short distance from Farish, and drew from his pocket a crumpled scrap of the offending magazine page: the item that had offended Horton.

"I may not have good manners. Mister Farish, but where I come from we know how to handle varmints." He dropped his voice and added for the plotter's ear only: "Here's a little matter on the side that concerns only us. It wouldn't interest these other gentlemen." He opened his hand, and added: "Here, eat that!"

be true and repeat in your presence. At another time and place, I shall be even more explicit. I shall ask you to explain—certain things."

"Mr. Horton," suggested Samson in an ominously quiet voice, "I reckon you're a little drunk. If I were you, I'd sit down."

Wilfred's face went from red to white, and his shoulders stiffened. He leaned forward, and for the instant no one moved. The tick of the clock was plainly audible.

"South," he said, his breath coming in labored excitement, "defend yourself!"

Samson still sat motionless.

"Against what?" Horton struck the mountain man across the face with his open hand. Instantly, there was a commotion of scraping chairs and shuffling feet, mingled with a chorus of inarticulate protest. Samson had risen, and, for a second, his face had become a thing of unspeakable passion. His hand instinctively swept toward his pocket—and stopped halfway. He stood by his overturned



"I'm Ready Either to Fight or Shake Hands."

chair, gazing into the eyes of his assailant, with an effort at self-mastery which gave his chest and arms the appearance of a man writhing and stiffening under electrocution. Then, he forced both hands to his back and gripped them there. For a moment, the tableau was held, then the man from the mountains began speaking, slowly and in a tone of dead-level monotony. Each syllable was portentously distinct and clear clipped.

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BECAUSE HIS DOG LIKED HIM

Why the Southern Mountaineer Was Willing to Pay to Check a Mongrel.

The pedigree of a dog makes no difference if you love him. This was the opinion expressed by a citizen of Pioneerville, at Boise, Idaho, when he found that he would have to pay \$7.50 to check a mongrel as far as St. Louis, about two-thirds of the journey.

He and his brother, two southern mountaineers, who still dress in the Tennessee mountaineer style, appeared at the Boise station with tickets to Nashville. He remarked that he wanted to check his dog through and asked whether or not he could get off at certain stations to feed and pet the animal.

"That dog is powerful fond of me," he remarked in explanation.

His face fell somewhat when he was told that it would cost him something like \$10 to check the dog.

"Why can't he go on our tickets?" he said.

When told that he would have to

Farish with a frightened glance at the set face of the man who was advancing upon him, leaped back, and drew from his pocket a pistol—it was an exact counterpart of the one with which he had supplied Samson.

With a panther-like swiftness, the Kentuckian leaped forward, and struck up the weapon, which spat one ineffective bullet into the rafters. There was a momentary scuffle of swaying bodies and a crash under which the table groaned amid the shattering of glass and china. Then, slowly, the conspirator's body bent back at the waist, until its shoulders were stretched on the disarranged cloth, and the white face, with purple veins swelling on the forehead, stared up between two brown hands that gripped its throat.

"Swallow that!" ordered the mountaineer.

For just an instant, the company stood dumfounded, then a strained, unnatural voice broke the silence.

"Stop him, he's going to kill the man!"

The odds were four to two, and with a sudden rally to the support of their chief plotter, the other conspirators rushed the figure that stood throttling the victim. But Samson South was in his element. The damned-up wrath that had been smoldering during these last days was having a tempestuous outlet. He had found men who, in a gentlemen's club to which he had come as a guest, sought to use him as a catspaw and murderer.

As they assailed him, en masse, he seized a chair, and swung it flail-like about his head. For a few moments, there was a crashing of glass and china, and a clatter of furniture and a chaos of struggle.

Samson South stood for a moment panting in a scene of wreckage and disorder. The table was littered with shattered glasses and decanters and chinaware. The furniture was scattered and overturned. Farish was weakly leaning to one side in the seat to which he had made his way. The men who had gone down under the heavy blows of the chair lay quietly where they had fallen.

Wilfred Horton stood waiting. The whole affair had transpired with such celerity and speed that he had hardly understood it, and had taken no part. But as he met the gaze of the disordered figure across the wreckage of a dinner-table, he realized that now, with the preliminaries settled, he who had struck Samson in the face must give satisfaction for the blow. Horton was sober, as cold sober as though he had jumped into ice-water, and though he was not in the least afraid, he was mortified, and had apology at such a time being possible, would have made it. He knew that he had misjudged his man; he saw the outlines of the plot as plainly as Samson had seen them, though more tardily.

Samson's toe touched the pistol which had dropped from Farish's hand and he contemptuously kicked it to one side. He came back to his place.

"Now, Mr. Horton," he said to the man who stood looking about with a dazed expression, "if you're still of the same mind, I can accommodate you. You lied when you said I was a savage—though just now it sort of looks like I was, and—"

He paused, then added—"and I'm ready either to fight or shake hands. Either way suits me."

For the moment, Horton did not speak, and Samson slowly went on:

"But, whether we fight or not, you've got to shake hands with me when we're finished. You and me ain't going to start no feud. This is the first time I've ever refused to let a man be my enemy if he wanted to. I've got my reasons. I'm going to make you shake hands with me whether you like it or not, but if you want to fight first it's satisfactory. You said awhile ago you would be glad to be more explicit with me when we were alone—" He paused and looked about the room. "Shall I throw these damned murderers out of here, or will you go into another room and talk?"

"Leave them where they are," said Horton, quietly. "We'll go into the reading-room. Have you killed any of them?"

"I don't know," said the other, curtly, and "don't care."

When they were alone, Samson went on:

"I know what you want to ask me about, and I don't mean to answer you. You want to question me about Miss Lescott. Whatever she and I have done doesn't concern you. I will say this much—if I've been ignorant of New York ways and my ignorance has embarrassed her, I'm sorry."

"I supposed you know that she's too damned good for you—just like she's too good for me. But she thinks more of you than she does of me—and she's yours. As for me, I have nothing to apologize to you for. Maybe, I have something to ask her pardon about, but she hasn't asked it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Whale a Victim of War.

An enormous whale drifted ashore near Margate, England, the other day. It had been killed by a mine in the North sea.

pay \$7.50 to St. Louis and another fee from then on, he said:

"Well, that cur thinks so powerful much of me I reckon I'll have to pay it. It makes no difference about the kind of dog, if you love him, you know," and he slowly counted out the money from an old miner's wallet and put the dog in the baggage car, with a final love pat on his head.

Gifts From Rich and Poor.

An admiral's daughter has sent to the church army war fund a 200-year-old veil and handkerchief of Buckinghamshire lace, which have been in her family's possession for 100 years. A West Country resident has sent some old jewelry, a baby's lace bonnet and some old flask cups.—London Chronicle.

Light Has Lasted Long.

In the sheriff's vault in Vancouver, Wash., there is an incandescent light which has been in use for 22 years, and is still good. It is burned only when the vault is opened, but at times has been going for a